

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

LIFE AFTER DEATH.—BELIEF IN SPIRITS.

WE made use of an inaccurate expression in our last number, which we are anxious to correct. We spoke of man as a "finite" creature. The term, strictly speaking, does not convey the meaning we intended. *Finis* is an end, and finite would imply a being, whose end, or utter termination, was known and certain. Assuredly we wrote the word in no such spirit of presumption. All our writings will testify, that we are of a religion which enjoys the most unbounded hopes of man, both here and hereafter. By finite we meant to imply a creature of limited powers and circumscribed present existence. Far were we from daring to lift up mortal finger against immortal futurity. Religion itself must first be put out of man's heart, and the very stars out of the sky, and no such words be remembered as sentiment and imagination and memory, and hope too; ay, and reason, before we should presume to say what end ought to be put to these endless aspirations of the soul.

We are for making the most of the present world, as if there were no hereafter; and the most of hereafter, as if there were no present world. We think that God, and Christianity, and utility, and imagination, and right reason, and whatsoever is complete and harmonious in the constitution of the human faculties, however opposed it may seem, enjoin us to do both. We are surprised, notwithstanding the allowance to be made for the great diversity of Christian sects, how any Christian, calling himself such by the least right of discipline, can undervalue the utmost human endeavours in behalf of this world, the utmost cultivation of this one (among others) of the manifest and starry gardens of God; but we are most of all surprised at it in those that adhere the most literally to injunction and prophecy, while they know how to confine the fugitive and conventional uses of the terms "this world," &c. &c. to their proper meanings.

In the feasibility of this consummation the most infidel Utilitarian is of the same faith with the most believing Christian, and so far is

—the best good Christian, he,
Although he knows it not.

Now he is only to carry his beloved reason a little farther, and he will find himself on the confines of the most unbounded hopes of another world as well as of the present; for reason itself, in its ordinary sense, will tell him that it is reasonable to make the utmost of all his faculties, imagination included. Mr Bentham, the very personification of his reason, has told him so.* And if he come to the Pure Reason of the Germans, or the discoveries which that contemplative nation say they have made, in the highest regions of the mind, of a reason above ordinary reason, reconciling the logic and consciousness of the latter with the former's instinctive and hitherto undeveloped affirmations, he is told that he may give evidence to faith after his own most approved fashion. For our parts, we confess that we are of a more child-like turn of contentment; and that keeping our ordinary reason to what appears to us its fittest task, namely, the guarding us against the admission of gratuitous pains, we will suffer a loving faith to

open to us whatever regions it pleases, of possibilities honourable to God and man, cultivating them studiously, whether we thoroughly understand them or not. For who thoroughly understands anything which he cultivates, even to the flowers at his feet? And cultivating these, shall we refuse to cultivate also the stars, and the aspirations and thoughts angelical, and the hopes of rejoining friends and kindred, and all the flowers of heaven?—No, assuredly,—not while we have a star to see, and a thought to reach it. Why should heaven have given us those? Why not have put us into some blank region of space, with a wall of nothingness on all sides of us, and no power to have a thought beyond it? Because, some advocate of chance and blind action, may say,—it could not help it; because the nature of things could not help it;—because things are as they are. O the assumptions of those who protest against assumption! of the faculty which exclusively calls itself reason, and would deprive us of some of our most reasonable faculties! Even upon the ground of these gentlemen's shewing, faith itself cannot be helped; at least not as long as things "are as they are;" and in this respect, we are assuredly not for helping it. We are content to let it love and be happy.

With regard to the belief in Spirits (which we take this opportunity of saying a few more words upon, as it was in answer to our correspondent on this subject that we made use of the word we have explained) it has surely a right, even upon the severest grounds of reason, to rest upon the same privileges of possibility, and of a modest and wise ignorance to the contrary, as any other parts of a loving and even a knowing faith; for the more we know of existence, the more we discover of the endless and thronging forms of it,—of the crowds in air, earth, and water; and are we, with our confessedly limited faculties, and our daily discoveries of things wonderful, to assume that there are no modes of being but such as are cognizable to our five senses? Had we possessed but two or three senses, we know very well that there are thousands of things round about us, of which we could have formed no conception; and does not common modesty, as well as the possibilities of infinitude, demand of us, that we should suppose there are senses besides our own, and that with the help of but one more, we might become aware of phenomena, at present unmanifested to human eyes? Locke has given celebrity to a story of a blind man, who, being asked what he thought of the colour of red, said he conceived it must be like the sound of a trumpet. A counterpart to this story has been found (we know not with what truth) in that of a deaf man, who is said to have likened the sound of a trumpet to the colour of red. Dr Blacklock, who was blind from his infancy, and who wrote very good heart and impart verses, in which he talked of light and colours with all the confidence of a repetition-exercise (a striking lesson to us verse-makers!) being requested one day to state what he really thought of something visible,—of the sun for instance,—said, with modest hesitation, that he conceived it must resemble "a pleasing friendship!" We quote from memory; but this was his simile. We may thus judge what we miss by the small amount of our own complete senses. We have been sometimes tempted to think, seeing what a beautiful world this is, and

how little we make of it, that human beings are not the chief inhabitants of the planet, but that there are others, of a nobler sort, who see and enjoy all its loveliness, and who regard us with the same curiosity with which we look upon bees or beavers. But a consideration of the divine qualities of love and imagination and hope (as well as some other reflections, more serious) restores us to confidence in ourselves, and we resume our task of endeavouring to equalize enjoyment with the abundance afforded us. When we look upon the stars at night-time, shining and sparkling like so many happy eyes, conscious of their joy, we cannot help fancying that they are so many heavens which have realized, or are in the progress of realizing, the perfections of which they are capable; and that our own planet (a star in the heavens to them) is one of the same golden brotherhood of hope and possibility, destined to be retained as a heaven, if its inhabitants answer to the incitements of the great Experimenter, or to be done away with for a new experiment if they fail. For endeavour and failure, in the particular, are manifestly a part of the universal system; and considering the large scale on which Providence acts, and the mixture of evil through which good advances, Deluges are to be accounted for on principles of the most natural reason, moral as well as physical, and an awful belief thus becomes reconcilable to the commonest deductions of utility.

But "bad spirits" and spirits to be "afraid of"? We confess, that large and willing as our faith is in the utmost possibilities of life and varieties of being, we see no reason of any sort to believe in those, at least not as made up of anything like pure evil or malignity. It is possible that other beings, as well as men, may partake more or less of imperfection, and so be liable to mistake and brute impulses; but, as we need not be troubled with this side of spiritual possibility, why should we? For as to pure evil or malignity for its own sake, apart from some procurement or notion of good, nothing which we see in all nature induces us to suppose it possible. The very wretch that ever astonished the community, did not perpetrate his crime out of sheer love of inflicting evil, but out of some false idea of good and pleasure, or of avoidance of evil, which idea might have been done away in him by a wiser and healthier training. And as to the belief in a great malignant principle or Devil (though even he has his horrible story lightened by a mixture of mistake and suffering), the most devout Christians have long been giving it up, especially since they have observed that the places in which he is mentioned in Scripture are very rare, sometimes apocryphal, and at other times translatable into a very different sense from what was commonly received. In truth, the word "devil" has not been translated at all; it has simply been repeated, and thus given rise, in many instances, to a manifest and painful delusion; for *devil* (*diabolus*, Latin; *diavolo*, Italian) is merely the Greek word *διαβολος* (*diabolos*) repeated; and *diabolos* signified simply an accuser,—a calumniator; it was a Greek word for an evil-speaker, a thrower of stones, and came from a verb signifying to cast through, or against. The Latin word is used in the sense to this day, in the well-known appellation of the Attorney-General, which has caused so many jokes against that officer; for he who was known in France by the title of Pub-

* Deontology, vol. II. p. 102. The passage was given in the first Number of the London Journal.

lie Accuser is designated in law Latin as the King's or Royal Accuser; that is to say, Devil.—"Diabolus Regis." The word is flat and plain enough, and very edifying. How simply is the frightful supernatural caution of the Apostle thus converted into the most natural of all cautions?

"Be sober, be vigilant (says the Greek-English), for your adversary the Devil walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

But "Be sober, be vigilant (says the proper English-English), for your adversary the Accuser walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

Here is a poor mistaken human being, instead of a prowling Satan; and what can be more natural, simple, or reconcilable with God's goodness and pre-eminence, and the working of an improveable weakness and blockish mystery, instead of a malignant might?

To shew how accustomed we are to follow up the spiritual analogies suggested by all kinds of reasonable and loving faith, we will close this article with a copy of verses which we wrote last winter, after we had been thinking of some beloved friends who have disappeared from this present state of being.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An Angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed: as we shall know for ever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths,—angels, that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,—
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 17th, to Tuesday the 23rd of September.

A HEDGE FOR YOUR WALKS; AND A NATURAL PAVILION.

[From EVELYN'S "Silva, or a Discourse on Forest Trees."] EVELYN is a writer hardly good enough to come under our head of "Celebrated Authors;" but another specimen of him will do capitally well in this portion of our Journal,—not that the department excludes celebrated authors; the reader knows to the contrary; but because of his fitness for a flowery sojourn, and his love of nature. The present passage seemed particularly suitable to us this week, because it concludes with expressing the same faith in that double garden of here and hereafter, which we have touched upon in the preceding article. Evelyn, by education and one part of his nature, was much of a formalist, and not a little of a pedant; neither was he free from certain fallings-in with expediency, which would have better become a more stirring and less pretending character; but he had a genuine love of the world he lived in, as well as a pious sense of another; and was the honoured friend of Cowley.

The present extract is from the account of the Hornbeam in his famous work on *Forest Trees*, which is thought, with reason, to have inspirited the growth of timber in this country, and strengthened its "wooden walls."

The Hornbeam, being planted in small fosses or trenches, at half a foot interval, and in the single row, makes the noblest and stateliest hedge for long walks in gardens or parks, of any tree whatsoever whose leaves are deciduous, and forsake their branches in winter, because it grows tall, and so sturdy as not to be wronged by the winds; besides, it will furnish to the very foot of the stem, and flourishes with a glossy and polished verdure, which is exceedingly delightful, of long continuance, and of all other the harder woods, the speediest grower, maintaining a slender upright stem, which does not come to be bare and sticky in many years. It has yet this (I shall call it) infirmity, that, keeping on its leaves till new ones thrust them off, it is clad in russet all the winter long. That admirable espalier hedge in the long middle walk of the Luxembourg garden at Paris, than which

there is nothing more graceful, is planted of this tree; and so is that cradle or close walk, with that perplexed canopy which lately covered the seat in his Majesty's garden at Hampton Court; and, as I now hear, they are planted in perfection at New Park, the delicious villa of the noble Earl of Rochester, belonging once to a near kinsman of mine, who parted with it to King Charles the First of blessed memory. These hedges are tonsile; but where they are maintained from fifteen to twenty feet height, which is very frequent in the places before mentioned, they are to be cut, and kept in order with a scythe of four feet long, and very little falcated; this is fixed on a long sneed or straight handle, and does wonderfully expedite the trimming of these and the like hedges. An oblong square, palisaded with this plant, or the Flemish ornus, as is that I am going to describe, and may be seen in that inexhaustible magazine at Brompton Park, (cultivated by those two industrious fellow-gardeners, Mr London and Mr Wise), affords such an *umbraculum frondium*, the most natural, proper station, and convenience for the protection of our orange-trees, myrtles, and other rare perennials and exotics, from the scorching darts of the sun, and heat of the summer; placing the cases, pots, &c. under this shelter, when, either at their first peeping out of the window conclave, or during the increasing heat of the summer they are so ranged and disposed, as to adorn a noble area of a most magnificent *Paradisian dining-room*, to the top of Hortular pomp and bliss, superior to all the artificial furniture of the greatest prince's court. Here the Indian narcissus, tuberoses, Japan lilies, jasmine, jonquils, periclimena, roses, carnations, with all the pride of the parterre, intermixed between the tree-cases, flowery vases, busts and statues, entertain the eye, and breathe their redolent odour and perfumes to the smell. The golden fruit, the apples of the Hesperides, together with the delicious Ananas, gratify the taste, whilst the cheerful ditties of canorous birds recording their innocent amours to the bubbling fountain, delight the ear. At the same time the charming accents of the fair and virtuous sex, preferable to all the admired composures of the most skilful musicians, join in concert with hymns and hallelujahs to the bountiful and glorious Creator, who has left none of the senses which he has not gratified at once with their most agreeable and proper objects.

But, to return to Brompton. It is not to be imagined what a surprising scene such a spacious saloon, tapestried with the natural verdure of the glistening foliage, presents the spectator, and recompenses the toil of the ingenious planter; when, after a little patience he finds the slender plants (set but at five or six feet distance, nor much more in height, well pruned and dressed) ascend to an altitude sufficient to shade and defend his *Paradisian treasure*, without excluding the milder gleams of the glorious and radiant planet, with his cherishing influence and kindly warmth, to all within the enclosure—refreshed with the cooling and early dew, pregnant with the sweet exhalations, which the indulgent mother and teeming earth sends up to nourish and maintain her numerous and tender offspring.

But, after all, let us not dwell here too long, whilst the inferences to be derived from those tempting and temporary objects prompt us to raise our contemplation a little on objects yet more worthy our noblest speculations, and all our pains and curiosity, representing that happy state above, namely, the celestial Paradise: let us, I say, suspend our admiration awhile of these terrestrial gauds, which are of so short continuance, and raise our thoughts from being too deeply immersed and rooted in them, aspiring after those supernal, more lasting and glorious abodes, namely, a Paradise, not like this of ours, with so much pains and curiosity, made with hands, but eternal in the heavens, where all the trees are trees of life, the flowers all amaranths; *all the plants perennial, ever verdant, ever pregnant; and where those who desire knowledge may fully satiate themselves; taste freely of the fruit of that tree which cost the first gardener and posterity so dear; and where the most voluptuous inclinations to the allurements of the senses may take and eat, and still be innocent; no forbidden fruit, no serpent to deceive, none to be deceived.

Hail! O hail then, and welcome you blessed Elysiums, where a new state of things expects us; where all the pompous and charming delights that detain us here awhile, shall be changed into real and substantial fruitions, eternal springs, and pleasure intellectual, becoming the dignity of our nature.

* *Amaranth* means unfading—immortal. Our learned author therefore wishes to be understood, not that the flowers are all "amaranths" in the specific sense (which would make but a poor heaven) but that all the flowers, of whatever kind, are everlasting.

Points of Landscape for the Mind's Eye.—These mountains (of Savoy) are so high, that half an hour after sunset its rays still gild the tops of them; and the reflection of red on those white summits forms a beautiful roseate colour, which may be perceived at a great distance.—Rousseau.

REMINISCENCES OF A JOURNEY.

[When we began to read this communication of our pleasant friend unknown, and came to the passage in which he speaks of angling, we had half a misgiving that he was some "impudent young dog" (to use the fatherly language of the plays) who proposed to banter us out of our *ichthyophilosophy* (fish-life-considering-wisdom, as a German would call it). But something connected with the very excess of his elegancies on that point reassured us; and we read on to the end of his paper, not only to our own entire gratification, but to that of some friends who happened to be with us, and whose alternate laughter and gravity he would have been glad to see. The philosophy of the "box" and "luggage," the parson and his daughter, the green lane with its insect murmurings (as if they were the "voice of the sun-beams—the music of warmth and light"), the old forest with its gloome, natural and supernatural, the shouts of the tempest, and the awful "talk of the trees,"—all, we venture to say, are excellent, and promise admirably for the writer, who describes it as his first performance. We know not who he is; but we conclude him to have too much heart, and too solid a foundation in knowledge, to be spoiled by this approbation. It is curious (though natural enough) that, in direct proportion to a correspondent's real abilities, we almost invariably find him modest and doubtful in the way in which he writes to us respecting his contributions. The one before us says he is not sure whether his paper is good, bad, indifferent, or even "execrable." The truth is, that genius is apt to know itself well enough on occasion, but its standards of excellence are so high, that when the impulse of composition is over, it reverts to them, and is filled with doubt by the comparison. Besides, in proposing an article for insertion in another man's paper, there is another kind of doubt which seizes a mind of a right order, unconnected even with the consideration of literary merit. Our correspondent has honoured and obliged us.]

REMINISCENCES.

"Of whom?—by whom?"—Not one word at present, dear Reader, unravelling these mysteries. If I am worthy of being better known, proceed with me but for a little while, and our acquaintance will rapidly increase: in the mean time, be indulgent enough to prepare yourself for a

JOURNEY.

"Good bye, my dear Henry, do take care of yourself;" are the parting words of an affectionate sister—"Good bye." Bang goes the door, and at six o'clock, one clear cold morning in the latter end of August, I find myself in a long, dull, silent street, in a northern town of Scotland, making my utmost speed to the coach, to meet a friend with whom I had arranged to take a trip to the Highlands.

There is something rather noticeable in the appearance of a provincial town at this early hour of the morning, particularly when the houses, built of stone, present a dull, high, and heavy front, which prevails in that part of the country; they look like the corpses of buildings, and have an unnatural aspect. There is the silence of night, with the clearness of day: there is light, but no life: there they stand, gaunt and gloomy, and quite distinct the habitations, but where are the inhabitants? There are the dark glazed windows, but where the moving forms, the glimpses of life and activity, to be caught behind them? The doors too, are not only closed, but seem shut with a closeness determined to resist all future attempts at being opened. There are objects also to be met with at this hour, which you may look in vain for at another; there is the hungry, lean, spectral-looking dog, with brown, dingy hide, walking slowly up the street alone, anxiously peering round for the first refuse to be thrown out. There is the solitary beggar-woman, concealed in a dark brown tattered cloak, hanging from her head, and fastened tightly beneath her chin; a withered, miserable outskirt of humanity, cut off from the rest of her species, prowling about, with her staff projecting before her, on the same errand. And then amidst the

silence, your boots make such a confounded clattering, you fancy it must awaken all the inhabitants of the street, and that the pretty girls will be leaping simultaneously from their beds to take a peep at the traveller! Occasionally, at the upper windows, a flutter of something quite indescribable is to be seen; and if a door should be opened and shut, the noise is echoed through the town.

The general stillness and apparent lifelessness lend a promising and vivid colouring to those animate objects which may appear: in artists' phrase, they come out strongly; they are seen in a novel aspect, and their traits and peculiarities take a strong hold of the imagination. Never shall I forget, in passing along one summer morning on a fishing excursion, having my attention attracted by the quick clattering and floundering of iron heels on the pavement. I looked up the street, and beheld at the further end a moving mass of clothes, umbrellas, and portmanteaus; a conglomeration of human habiliments: above all these there appeared conspicuous, and court- ing especial notice, a blue cloak with the brightest of scarlet linings, fluttering and flapping in the air; and evidently some being was perseveringly grappling with it; but it contrived ever to elude his hold, and in the strife the umbrella fell to the ground, and then the portmanteau, and the hat box, and with each there was a snatching and conflict, of which words can give no adequate idea. No sooner was one fairly caught and imprisoned, than another made its escape, and the bright scarlet banner mingled in all parts of the fray, which held out no hope of being speedily terminated, when a horn was blown!—How utterly feeble was my estimate of human physical power;—look at him! see with what preternatural energy and all-embracing clutch he seizes the multifarious objects around him! They are gathered together, and pressed in one voluminous mass against his chest and face, and in this plight he waddles off at a rate certainly miraculous; his head is thrown back, and his mouth is just perceptible, emerging upwards, puffing and gasping for air;—never did I witness running before, except in a dream, in which I beheld a creature clamber up the precipitous sides of the lower regions, and make his escape with a legion of devils after him. But our traveller's woes were unhappily not at an end; his head was in an unfavourable position for the retention of his hat, and when turning into the street where the coach was waiting, it was blown off, and carried to some distance. Shouts of laughter from the passengers greeted this mischance;—surely now our hero of the cloak will give up in despair? Not so—he throws all away, and springs with undivided energy at his hat; his knees reach his chin as he runs, and his arms are extended horizontally like wings;—he has caught it—he returns—again the supernatural grapple at his accoutrements; and in an instant he reaches the coach, panting and perspiring, with a gibe from the guard, and a general titter from the passengers.

Well, after all, man is a noble animal!—a persevering and energetic animal—an animal capable of sustaining a conflict with cloaks, umbrellas, and portmanteaus—yea, of subduing them and bearing them off, captives into captivity.

Talking of hats, brings to my mind an incident which I witnessed some years since in the metropolis of Scotland.

Engaging Reader, (female, to wit; for if I win you, I win all) let me deprecate your wrath for committing these digressions; variety is the charm of existence; believe in this, and pardon me; resume that soft and kindly smile, so sweet and becoming, and say, "Very well, sir, go on as suits your fancy. I am not given to squabbling; you will find me compliant to all your whims and vagaries for the future."—There's a dear and noble creature, and in return for this tiny bit of courtesy I will whisper in your ear a secret,—closer.

"But sir, you tickle me, breathing in my ear."

Do I? Wretch that I am! then I will breathe on your cheek;—now listen. There are but two expressions becoming to the female face, the sprightly and affectionate, or the proud and petrifying: for the lat-

ter there is no call at present; therefore, dear Reader, you act wisely and well.—*Alions!*

One stormy evening, in hurrying along a gloomy street in the old town of Edinburgh, I overtook a big burly man, struggling against the wind, and pushing his way rudely through the crowd, when a violent gust blew off his hat. His ponderous size, and the suddenness with which he turned round to pursue his fugitive head-piece, startled those persons immediately following, and created a bustle; some females behind were alarmed at the commotion, arising, as they thought, from some black-looking beast scampering along with rapidity, and pursued by a huge man; and, wisely following the established rule of their sex on such occasions, they screamed—the terror increased, and the shriek was answered by fifty; the uproar and consternation became general; all took to flight, or called out lustily for help. Amiable elderly ladies, and young ones of unimpeachable character rushed into shops, and clasping their arms around the necks of astonished shop-boys, begged in the name of mercy for refuge and protection;—windows were dashed up in hundreds, and eager faces projected,—maid servants ran to the doors in dozens, and "Eh sirs! what's it?" resounded through the streets.—Reader, there is sometimes much in a hat!

Now then we proceed. We are on the coach at last. My friend, punctual to his appointment, with a brace of pointers and a fowling piece; I, with only a humble fishing rod. Scorn me not;—little can you imagine the ethereal taper of that magic wand, so finely pointed as to be hardly discernible within three feet of its extremity; and barely can your fancy picture the delicacy and sparkling beauty of my gossamer tackle, impervious to all but an angler's practised eye. Look at this elegant little morsel—this artificial fly—with its silver grey wings, and dark green glistening body, from which peeps out the most enticing bit of purple steel with its delicate barb, like the serpent amid the flowers of Eden, tempting, not forcing to destruction; no, never could aught so frail and beautiful be guilty of violence; the enamoured fish swims after it, and lies pantingly on the bank, happy to die gazing on the witching insect. Schiller's Robber, after he has plunged the dagger into Emily's bosom, asks if it was not sweet thus to die by the hands of her lover, and she replies—"Oh! most sweet!" In like manner have I fancied that the bulky salmon gasped out "most sweet," as it turned a sentimental glance from its glazed and dying eye on the little gaudy, heartless piece of mischief, reposing a few inches from its nose.

But above all, gentle Reader, if you could bring before your view the lonely glen, glittering with the dewy leaves of the green and sweetly-scented birch; the brawling, sparkling brook, making its way through rocky impediments, round which it growls and gumbles, fretful at being interrupted in its course; the fragrant banks clad with wild flowers and heath; the tempting recesses,

"Haunts right seldom seen,
Lonely, leafy, cool, and green."

The spots of green sward, sprinkled with daisies—the seclusion—the deep and profound peace, tinged softly with a smile of joy—if you could behold all this—"Well, prosing sir, what then?" Why, why then, my imperious beauty, you would remonstrate but slightly against sauntering down that same glen with me and my fishing rod, some sparkling summer morning!

Too enchanting Reader! these digressions all spring from you; you see I cannot get on—I am now talking to you, thinking of you, admiring you! Hard is my lot to have so vivid an imagination. Why is it (I ask in the utmost perplexity) that you will sit before me with that Grecian head, dimpled smile, arch and intelligent glance, and —

Reader, we are on the coach! Bandboxes are handed up in dozens, and old women with handkerchiefs tied round their bonnets and faces, and young ones with ribbons, glance from heaven to earth, that is, their eyes follow with the most intense anxiety the passage of their precious gear, from the moment

it is lifted from the ground, till it is deposited in Heav—pshaw! on the Coach—they would not quit sight of it for one moment; even mid-way in air they are fearful it will be entrapped by some fairy sprite, and disappear. There is no maxim on which mankind are so universally agreed, as the necessity there is for every one to look after his luggage. Look at that old woman; she is in absolute terror; she snatches a momentary wild side glance, but instantly her eyes are rivetted on her box. If you were to address her, she would scream, and squash herself down on it, as the best means of securing its safety. She conceives it impossible, that you could have any other motive than a design against her box:—she has but two ideas, one, that she has a box; the other, that all the world are in league to deprive her of it. Verily, I believe, that some people have a suspicion that even the lobbies and staircases have the power of kidnapping luggage. I have seen a traveller rise twenty times in an hour to look at his trunk in the passage; eating and drinking, and newspaper-reading, could not divert his attention from this. I watched him from an adjoining room, and saw him poke half his body out, with a carving knife and fork in his hands; the thought had struck him, just as about to commence dinner; he came again, with his mouth stuffed full, to take a glance; again, with a wine-glass in his hand; and afterwards with a paper.—"O, now my dear, do take care of your luggage," is the earnest admonition of our parents and guardians to us in early life, and it is repeated till nearly our dying days.

Here I feel inclined to make a moral reflection:—Truly this world seems but a huge caravansary, in which it is the most important business of all to look after their luggage!

The time is up, the preparations for starting are drawing rapidly to a close. What shuffling and shifting! What anxiety in each one to make himself entirely comfortable! There is a cluster of human beings around the coach even at this early hour—meagre mechanics, standing gazing with a look half curiosity, half inertness, but in perfect silence; no one ventures to speak but the guard and coachman, or some garrulous passenger. Look at these poor females huddling together, with their arms muffled up under their aprons, their shoulders drawn forward, their heads and feet uncovered, as they stand shivering with idle gaze on the coach! These are factory girls, as they are called, on their way to commence their labours, which will continue with short intermission for fourteen or fifteen hours, in a heated unwholesome atmosphere, with the machinery, in its unvaried motions, swinging before their eyes—the floors vibrating beneath them from the ceaseless working of the bulky engines—and in their ears a heavy clanking and dull din, monotonous and rapid as their employment. Such changeless labour, one would think sufficient to obliterate all humanity from their souls; yet in spite of this, a touch of womanhood remains: the hair in some cases is parted not ungracefully, and a curl here and there, placed with due care, bespeaks a still remaining attention to neatness, and a pride in their personal appearance. There is no envy in their looks, as they behold the passengers bustling around them, gay and elate; no wish, nor hope, that they too should have an excursion. No, they cannot raise their feelings to that pitch; all is apathy; they seem to be destinarians; to have a dull apprehension that every thing moves on in its pre-ordained course; that the coach must go, and the passengers go with it; and that they must proceed to their accustomed labours; and away they shuffle in groups. Heaven be merciful to them! The subject is too serious for our present purpose—so let us be off.

The coach has started—off to the hills. There is music in the words, "hill and dale;" they give the idea of a cheerful undulating buoyancy of step, a breezy gladness, a certainty of peace and joy; they are away from the world, and have a perfume and a breath that belongs not to it. So long as I can breathe a blessing, that blessing shall be bestowed on hill and dale, and the breath of an autumnal eve.

That hour of richness, soft, and deep
Intense, and fraught with feeling,
As tho' a sigh before its sleep
From Nature's soul came stealing.

As if the thought of midnight gloom
Oppress'd its gentle heart,
And glimpses of a silent tomb,
In which we all must part.

Away we rumble;—the air blows freshly, all are in good humour; and the gibe, the laugh, and cursory remark, are rife amongst the passengers as we pass along. Some muffled themselves up in cloaks, but I courted the breeze, unbuttoned my coat and vest, and had serious thought of pulling off my neckerchief. With bounding spirits, as mine were that morning, the difficulty is to sit upon a coach. If one could but run or walk, or hop, or leap, or throw a summer-set—but to sit on one spot without moving, certainly amongst the trials of life it is not the least.

On, on, we rumble—the country glistens up freshly and cheerfully around us. Wherever a labourer is to be seen, he throws down his implements of husbandry, and comes forward to gaze on the coach. Let us observe this one;—he has already descried us, although we are yet a considerable distance from him, his spade is deposited in the ground with due care, and he marches deliberately up to the road side, that he may be in perfect readiness to have a complete and satisfactory stare. He is for no half measures; the thing must be done well; he must have all his senses in the most perfect order, and in the happiest circumstances for enjoying the gratification. There is no hurry, no agitation in his manner; it is calm and solemn, it is an important matter, and must be proceeded with cautiously. He has now reached the stone dyke, and slowly he folds his brawny arms, and places them steadily upon it. He is not satisfied till he finds that they have a firm and comfortable lodgment. And now comes a still more important point,—the chin must be planted on the arms in a favourable position;—he has achieved it! How squash and square it is, presenting a noble base for the upper works, from which the eyes gleam out, encircled by numerous wrinkles, indicating a rigidly scrutinizing power. A cannon ball would rebound from that head, it is placed so firmly. The time has been computed accurately, for at the instant he seems in perfect readiness, the coach passes. Interesting moment! We are the honoured objects of his careful inspection; we pass, but his eyes still follow us. At length he is satisfied, slowly his arms are unfolded, and with measured step he retraces his way, and deliberately resumes his labour. Let us take another specimen. There is a surly, independent-looking man, who seems ashamed of such idle curiosity. Three times he has laid aside his hoe, and as often returned to it with a dogged determination to proceed with his work: he takes another stolen side-glance. "Ah! it is unusually crowded: what a quantity of luggage!—and a new leader!" He is fairly overcome—his implement is thrown on one side, and he gazes his fill.—Certainly government need be at no charges for coach inspectors in Scotland.

Now we pass the parsonage;—yes, there he is, the shrewd old boy, patrolling his garden, hands behind his back, coat blackish-brown, breeches untied, neck-cloth white, face unshaven, inquisitive wrinkled eye, sagacious wordly look about him; and no doubt a very pleasant fellow over a bowl of punch. But see, there is a flutter at the window. What! a bevy of butterflies? Ah, I see,—the head of the parson's daughter, covered with curl papers—peeping little puss! very curious and very shy. But be cautious, be exceedingly cautious, for if a young man takes a glance at the parson's daughter, the parson's daughter takes to her heels!—

On we go—but—

"The bright sun is extinguished, and the stars
Do wander, darkling in the eternal space."

Astounded Reader—I merely mean that the sunny smiles which lately overspread the countenance of our fellow travellers are clouded, and in their eyes there is visible an unquiet restlessness—they shift to and fro on their seats, conversation flags, and their spirits are drooping low. They turn round anxiously to see how the leaders get on, and fancy that the coachman might just use his whip a *leetle* more—now there is almost universal silence, only broken at intervals by a deep sigh. The spirit of melancholy has descended upon us—depression has wrapped us up in his grey cloak;—can you expound the mystery? One word will dispel your ignorance—breakfast!—The digestive organs, like all idle beings, are becoming unruly for want of employment, and the inward derangement causes outward distraction. But let us pass the disagreeables. For fifteen minutes, men and women, lubberly boys, and eager-eyed girls, have snatched and devoured, growled and gormandized, spluttered with knives and forks, tea-spoons and cups, as if—but no, there is no earthly comparison for it; their only excuse is, that it is done from compassion to their digestive organs—disinterested humanity!

All this is past, and we are again on our way, con-

siderably softened in our sentiments by a tolerable breakfast. The day has likewise undergone a similar change. The sun has blent itself with the cool morning air, and not a tree, or shrub, or blade of grass, but sparkles up with an aspect clear and glittering, beaming with gratitude and cheerfulness: nay, even the bright buff road, with its margin of green, puts on a pleasant smile, and gives us a kind invitation to proceed. The sky is very blue, the breeze inspiring; from the woods are borne the most penetrating perfumes; and the streaks of sunshine, scattered hither and thither on the soft moss beneath the tall pines, and the deep mysterious glimpses we catch into the recesses of the forest,—all combine to excite in the mind the most pleasurable emotions. Now castle-building proceeds on a magnificent scale—what beautiful forms are created—how soft are the smiles that beam on you—how sentimental your conversation unheard—humane your thoughts, and limitless your capacity of enjoyment! How the blood flows, and the pulse beats! Let me sniff up the scent of these fir trees—delicious! On one side of us there rises up a huge hill, or rather cluster of hills, covered with the dark green fir, with dusky ravines intervening, the dark shade on which quickens the imagination. Look over that mass of wood—what a huge group of trees!—how came so many to be congregated together? Far as your eye can reach, you may trace them till they are lost in an indistinct haze; the whole mass presents one uniform shade, save where it darkens in the clefts between the hills, and fades with grey in the distance. 'Tis a desert of tree tops.

Reader, if you have a fancy for a life of solitude, picture yourself dropped into the midst of these wooded hills, wandering over the soft unechoing ground, consisting of the dead leaves of hundreds of years, presenting one shade, one aspect, that of decay—no sky above your head, no air breathing on your face—where the silence is so profound that the snapping of a branch tingles in your ear, and seems to startle the whole forest.

In travelling in Scotland, you are frequently carried over ground so high, that you can overlook a great extent of hilly country. The reader must bear in mind, that he is not exactly looking up to the hills, else he will have a poor idea of the magnificent prospect his eye can comprehend. But now we come to a softer feature in the landscape, and one of peculiar beauty. The coach passes a stretch of hollow ground, which intersects the vast forest; and in the midst of this dell, as lovely a lane as ever tempted the footsteps of romantic pedestrian, pursues its solitary way, and walks fearlessly up into the very bosom of the dark mountains.

Luxuriantly fringed with broom (now basking in the golden rays of the sun), intermixed with the purple heath, and here and there sweet spots of verdure glittering with daisies, does it not entice you, gentle Reader, to saunter for an hour or two, and "dally with its sweets?" I thought so:—give me your hand, let me retain it—this is the way to perambulate the hills, to roam the forests—who would think of offering an arm, of poking an angular sharp bone into a lady's softly-rounded waist, when he has a hand to give! Ah! what a spot for a declaration—sunny and secluded, breathing intense life and enjoyment, and creating a strong feeling of mutual consciousness. Picture the sauntering slowly along—the softly blushing cheek bent downwards, and a little on one side, while the fragrance and beauty of the scene lend a richness, a tenderness, an intensity to your words, which you feel a half-conviction must make their way to the little palpitating heart so close to yours,—almost fluttering against you.

The brightness of the blossom on the whins is beyond all description; the bluebell occasionally mingles with it, and the heath lifts up its purple and white spray-like head over the stone dyke, anxious to take its place on the picture. There is no sound, save a low hum of deep enjoyment—one might almost fancy it the voice of the sunbeams; the music of warmth and light. Yet from this radiant path, walk but two or three steps on either side, and you are in a gloomy and profound solitude—take a glance through that gap—the damp ground is covered with dead leaves, which have lain for ages; large weeds of unnatural growth have sprung up, dank and covered with unhealthy dews, as if they grew by graves—the trunks of the trees, old and dull,—can you conceive of solitude more perfect? Step in—you are in another world, the air, cold and damp, creeps over your face—above is a confused mass of black, through the fissures of which you catch a glimpse of the blue sky, but so far distant, it must belong to another world; everything is grey, grave, and hoary,—aged, profound, and mute, like the wrecks of a by-gone world. The crackling branches under your feet make a startling noise, as if sound was unknown in these regions, and silence was terrified at its intrusion. Are there no half grey, half-green, filthy creatures, creeping through here? Surely there are—did I not hear the wheezing of a forest-beast of unknown name and form, and see the expression of a hideous countenance on that withered trunk?

Let us be off—let us return to our sweet path, and trace it through the hills. See it winding its way

through the solemn gloom around,—follow it; now it is lost, now appears, again you see it far up in the distance, penetrating into that dusky ravine, like to the subduing smiles of a young girl of sixteen, making their irresistible way into the hoary and shaggy hearts of a great sulky grandpapa, not over well pleased at the favour requested.

If we had time, we might roam as far as that ravine, and there behold the brook tumbling down from rock to rock, plunging and leaping on its solitary course, nothing near it but the dark woods, and the grey rocks through which it foams. The eye of man rarely rests on it, though congregated multitudes might well assemble to yield it their applause: but it shuns society; it is a gloomy and scornful spirit, that gains a proud satisfaction in the mournful and indignant tones in which it thunders out its wrongs. The trees too seem imbued with the same feeling; they raise up their tall, dark, solemn forms in the air, but disdain to utter their griefs, save when the blast comes rushing with its thousand wings through yon cleft; perhaps in early days it wronged them—far distant times, long since buried in that tombless grave, oblivion;—or mayhap it brings to their remembrance some dark calamity, or fearful revolution in the elder days, some tale of horror, mighty wrong, or overwhelming destruction; for certain it is, that at his presence they roar out their indignant fury, and hiss like a thousand serpents; they wring their arms and lash the air, and with ominous gestures menace the world with vengeance. And the river breaks into a savage participation in their rage, and raises his voice and growls out his anathemas in tones of thunder, as he bounds along his course, flinging up the foam of passion, gleaming white in the darkness. And at night, when the majestic masses of the woods are just visible in motion against the sky, and the torrent rushes past you like an enraged demon, and its roar mingles with the hissing of the pines, the scene is wild beyond description, and the mind is obliged to yield assent to the belief that the elements are actuated by feelings akin to those of humanity. But the wind wanes gradually away, and solemnity again resumes its sceptre; the pines present their former still, grave aspect, and the waters mutter in a more subdued voice their spleen.

But there are times when the winds and the woods hold more friendly intercourse with each other, when the former come sweeping from far off, in long solemn trains, with dirge-like music, and take up their abode in the bosom of the latter. Then there commences dim, wild, awful talk, mournful conversation, grave conferences on old primeval times, when creation had another aspect and allotment—and the river too, is admitted into their councils, and murmurs in a confiding tone his thoughts, and together they form a dreary and plaintive diapason.

I have stood, Reader, at the dead of night, by the roaring stream, rolling over rocks in vast foamy torrents; around me wood-covered hills, heaped on hills; dim glens, precipices, and ravines—the blast and the rain breaking on my face; and then nature seemed to utter a voice I never heard before; I felt that she "did mean something!" And the wind, as it wailed in my ears, seemed to me the peaceless remnant of once omnipotent power wandering over its lost realm, alternately muttering in indignation and moaning in grief.

But we shall be growing too romantic, and therefore pause. We have arrived at the last town the coach can convey us to. We must now strike off into the wilds, while the stage proceeds on the high road. "Waiter, order a post chaise for T—!"—"The roads are impassable, sir; the floods have carried them away." "Never mind, we must go." "Won't you dine, gentlemen?" "No, bring some biscuit and a bottle of sherry."

With your kind permission, courteous Reader, we will continue our journey next week.

S.

EDINBURGH.

Nor Venice riseth from the sea more fair
Than the regal city of the land:—she fills
The ideal eye with beauty, and the hills,
The everlasting hills, as a broad air wear
Her stately beauty. In this stilly air,
Swathed with the sunbeams, beautiful is she; 1845
Her far-off presence is a stirring power;
Her shadow doth rejoice the lonely sea:
The Sailor, who hath voyaged the perilous breast
Of the broad waters,—spying from the shrouds
The city hanging radiant in the west,
The white towers, palaces, arise in crowds,—
Deems them perchance bright mansions of the blest,
A city fashion'd in the sun-lit clouds. J. C.

Real Wants Few.—If the philosopher be happy, it is because he is the man from whom fortune can take the least.—Rousseau.

QUEEN MARGARET OF NAVARRE'S ENTRANCE INTO FORT D'USSON.

THE following sprightly bit of narrative is from a new historical novel just published, entitled "*Henrie Quatre, or the Days of the League*." Margaret, who more upon her own account than as the wife of the Huguenot King of Navarre, is in a state of opposition to the court of her brother Henry the Third, tricks the Governor of Usson out of his post by the help of the vanity of his Seneschal, which is here excellently portrayed. The whole novel (we say it in a spirit of real respect, and out of no invidiousness) is a remarkable proof of the progress of knowledge among those whose education has not been very scholarly. Evidences to the latter effect lurk here and there, forming a singular contrast with the author's general command of words, even of the most scholarly nature. The fault of the book is that it is too much spun out, and deals in details not commensurate with the importance of what is going forward. The passing introduction of Brantome is very pleasant.

Navarre was known to be in Auvergne, and thither the happy travellers proceeded in search of him, arriving before D'Usson in the manner we have just related. A brilliant idea entered the mind of Margaret, when she beheld the lofty rocks on which the fortress was built, its impregnability and romantic site; but, without communicating her sudden resolve, she simply requested the Baron to ask De Cœuvres the hospitality of the castle for a daughter of France.

Flushed with her scheme, she drew aside the curtain on approaching the gate-tower, and at the expected presence of the old governor; but in his place stood the smirking and bowing Pomini, who was dazzled with the beauty of the fair voyagers, and quite forgot the graceful Gabrielle. Margaret smiled inwardly at his officiousness, but she saw at a glance that he was her own, and might be moulded to her purpose. This was sufficient to induce her to return his civilities with condescension, and make him the proudest of men. He already fancied himself Monsieur L'Isle du Marais, and even went so far as to presume on the possible acquisition of a baron's coronet and mantling.

The cortège passed into the interior court, where the Queen and Emilie alighted, and were conducted by the enraptured Seneschal into the hall. Great was the indignation of the loyal governor, when one of the pages ran to inform him that his visitor was the Queen of Navarre; but as it was too late to proceed to the court-yard, where he could only dispute with his servant the honour of the reception, he wisely resolved to take up a position with his daughter in the saloon of state, and in order to increase the group, the page was desired to bring his fellow immediately, that they twain might be in readiness to do honour to royalty, and reflect a proper dignity on the rank of the governor.

But for this *coup d'état* there was more than abundant time; for Pomini indulged in his usual artifice with visitors, of conducting them through the entire suite of rooms of the castle, ere he introduced them to the Marquis; commenting the while on the antique beauty of the furniture, the lofty proportion of the chambers, and the historical importance of the royal chateau.

"Stay! stay! Monsieur!" said the fatigued Queen of Navarre; "has not the Marquis a fair daughter—a pearl of price? Let us not delay in doing her honour."

"Her beauty can only be eclipsed by the bright luminaries before whom I now stand!" replied the assiduous and crafty Seneschal: "and your Majesty shall see her soon."

But Monsieur Pomini had something yet in store for his new friends, ere their eyes were blessed with the presence of the Lady Gabrielle. To the surprise of the Queen and her suite, he opened a small door behind the tapestry of the last chamber, and disappeared from view of his visitors, but soon returned with a bundle of torches, which were speedily lighted.

"What! torches in day-time!" cried Margaret in surprise.

"Your Majesty must consider that it is the fault of the architect, not mine," replied the obsequious Seneschal.

Any one but De Nevaillès would have dissuaded the Queen from proceeding further, but his curiosity and love of eccentricity were deeply interested in the denouement of this strange proceeding, and he resolved to let the Seneschal go to the full length of his line.

The tapestry was put aside, and one by one following each other, the visitants passed through the narrow door-way, and entered on a stone gallery or corridor. The light of the torches displayed the rude-

ness of the masonry, and the awful prison-like gloom of the gallery. The royal party began to doubt the sincerity of their guide.

"Is De Cœuvres a hermit?" exclaimed Margaret;

"does he live in a cell?"

Pomini made no reply, for he was preparing for his last effort.

Suddenly he stopped, and waved aloft his torch, commanding the attendants to do the same. At his invitation the party approached the spot whereon he stood, but were awe-struck with the seeming horror of their position. They were no longer enclosed between the walls of the gallery, but found themselves standing on a balcony projecting into the murky space. Above and beneath was utter darkness:—the partial dim atmosphere of light which surrounded them, was just sufficient to make the awful gloom visible.

De Nevaillès caught hold of the Seneschal. "Why this mystery?" said he, not knowing whether it were prudent to express alarm.

"Look!" exclaimed the Seneschal, beckoning the party to approach the iron railing which skirted the balcony. Impelled by mingled curiosity and dread, Margaret and her friends ventured to obey Pomini's bidding.

"Now watch the descending light!" exclaimed the mysterious functionary;—and at these words, he and his domestics threw their torches into the abyss.

The glaring whirling meteors as they fell, illuminated the cavernous side of the descent, and impressed the awe-struck gazers with terror of the dreadful gulf over which they stood. After many a mazy gyration, the lights reached the bottom, and burned flickeringly in the abyss.

The group surveyed them from above with awe.

"Something shines close to the red light of the furthest torch!" cried De Nevaillès, who was the first to break silence.

"Very likely," said Pomini, in a careless tone, "the skulls are scattered about in profusion."

A cry of horror arose from the fair living dames at this announcement; nor was their dread diminished by discovering that they were now in total darkness,

"By St. Hubert!" exclaimed the Baron, "it would only be doing justice to throw you to the spirits beneath! Tell us, what means this, or you shall rue your mischief."

"Where those torches burn are the dungeons of D'Usson," replied Pomini; "there, his Majesty, Louis, the eleventh of that name, of happy memory, kept the state prisoners, whose treason was manifest. Your Majesty's ancestor," continued the Seneschal, speaking to the Queen of Navarre, "was a wise prince—no one could escape from these depths."

"Let us away from the horrid sight," cried the Queen, who had retained the hand of Emilie out of fear.

"There is no danger from this conceited fool," whispered De Nevaillès, who was close to Made-moiselle.

As the road was straight, no great difficulty was found by the visitors in groping their way out of the gallery into the genial light of day, and the warm tapestried chamber. But their anger now vented itself against the Seneschal; he was surrounded by a circle of inquisitors, who threatened him with every punishment they could think of.

"If I had been anxious only to revenge an insult to my sovereign," said De Nevaillès, "your body would have been flung after the torches."

"But why show us these curiosities when the Marquis is waiting?" exclaimed Margaret, who could not repress a smile at the singular occurrence.

Pomini, who was taken off his guard by the cheerful speech of the Queen, replied with naïveté, "that since the visit of the Abbé Bourdeille de Brantome to D'Usson, he had taken his advice, which was to display the dreary depths of the prison caverns to visitors, ere he introduced them into the presence of the Lady Gabrielle, that her lightsome beauty might strike her beholders with all the force of intense contrast."

A peal of laughter followed this explanation, which was uttered in a tone which at once displayed the vanity and weakness of the Seneschal, at the same time that it bespoke the sincerity of the impulse.

"Ah! the Abbé de Brantome is a man I reverence," said De Nevaillès; "his wit leaves a rough mark on every softer mind it comes in collision with."

Dictatorial Manners.—In the too-frequent way of communicating even useful counsel, there is almost invariably something to vex, often to insult, and almost always the arrogance which assumes authority, and exercises a species of despotism. Now, if men were as willing, and as ready to give reasons as they are to give rules, much mischief might be prevented, and some good might be done. Pride is undoubtedly gratified by being enabled to deal out its animadversions, and self-regard is flattered, but at a terrible expense,—a great sacrifice of benevolence. Yet, it is no small part of good-breeding and good morals to give appropriate advice appropriately.

—Bentham.

"TWO AGED OAKS" IN HYDE PARK.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

Birmingham, Sept. 2, 1834.

DEAR SIR,—When I was in London, a few weeks since, I observed in Hyde Park, near the bridge over the Serpentine river, two very old and picturesque oaks, which are railed in from the public. The fact of these trees being enclosed has considerably excited my curiosity to know what particular history is connected with them, or of what interesting event they are the memorials. That they indicate the scene of some remarkable incident of past times, or at least of some incident worthy of remembrance, I do not doubt, as mere longevity or picturesque appearance, would not, I imagine, have been sufficient inducements to make the authorities anxious to protect them, in a measure, from rude and destructive hands. As I am particularly curious in matters of this nature, and experience considerable pleasure from viewing existing memorials of every description of interesting event in our past history, or in the histories of distinguished individuals, I feel a strong desire to know all that is remarkable and memorable connected with these two spectre-looking oaks in Hyde Park. I have no friend in London who can afford me any information on this subject; and believing you to be a "good-natured man," and the last to be offended at a little freedom of this kind, I take the liberty of writing to you, for the purpose of making the inquiry. I shall feel very much obliged if, in your "Notices to Correspondents," you will have the goodness to satisfy my curiosity, by informing me on the above head, should you possess the necessary information.

Wishing you great success in your present undertaking,

I am, Sir, &c.

A CONSTANT READER
OF THE "LONDON JOURNAL."

P.S. Many thanks for giving up the abominable page of advertisements.

[*.* We are sorry we cannot give the information here required. Perhaps some of our readers can furnish it.—Ed.]

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FAIR OF BARTHOLOMEW.

ALL unforgotten is that sunny day,

Ah! days were sunny then!

When I, a happy and a truant boy,

(Why are those synonyms?) bounded away,

All mud and mirth, and gingerbread, and joy;

Prancing in puddles, panting thro' each pen,

Into that Babylon of booths—the Fair:

Weeks had I vow'd, Bartholomew, to strive for't;

True to that vow, but little did I care,

Though I, like thee of old, were flay'd alive for't.

Oh! joyous child! I mark'd the glittering show.

Of wearied mountebanks; and envied much

Their recklessness of mirth—I deem'd it such;

For then it had not been my lot to know,

That Harlequins have griefs and even Clowns feel woe.

Saunders was lov'd and Gygell deified;

None sure were happy if "the Players" were not.

To dreams of degradation, hints of pride,

The gorgeous Scowtons' troop replied,

Scout on, we care not.

Eighteen short summers syne—where have ye fled,

Dear wandering wonders—are ye old—or dead?

Have learned pigs "the way of all pork" gone?

Are thieves of that day, now at Sydney justling;

Yea! Chunee too, the Elephant, hath flown;

And "left the world" for greater beasts "to bustle in."

Prince of Morocco! I admird of yore;

Are ye in truth no more?

Jesters have sought the grave—wild men turn'd tame;

Mimes mute, and infant prodigies grown old;

Chabert, though dieted on fire and flame,

Despite his sulphur suppers, is cold.

Miss Biffen, without feet, her race has run,

The Spotted Boy visits this spot no longer;

The dwarf's short thread of life is overspun,

And the strong man has wrestled with a stronger.

* A title which he wished to obtain in order to elevate his stock.—Ed.

Scene of past freaks, you are not what you were,
Tho' still the fair is foul, and foul is fair!
The gongs and roundabouts, and "ups and downs,"
And the wild gleeful laugh of Gynnell's clowns
Have flown;

Old Richardson remains alone;
The 'last man' of the race,
Wearing his old familiar face;
And galligaskins;
For one would almost swear,
They are the very pair,
That eighteen years since brav'd the summer's baskings,
Vest, coat, continuations, seem the same,
The voice, the gait, the spot, and eke the well-known name.

Health to thee, relic of a by-gone day,
Last of a class who're fading fast away;
Though penny shewman!

For thou hast paced thy daily path in quiet;
No creditor bewails thy heedless riot;
Who calls thee debtor? No man.

Punctual as tax collector in thy rounds,
Thy tireless industry has won its meed;
Thy parsimonious pennies swoll'n to pounds,
Hundreds to thousands, in due course succeed;
Thou'rt rich enough to dream of lasting joys,
And set up—a new pair of corduroys!

"No, Measter, no," I think I hear thee say,
"That's not my way;

Let spendthrift managers dress, ride, and cab it;
My habits are unchang'd, nor will I change one habit."

Landmark of mirthful memories long remain,
Chief of the balatronic troop—the travelling train,
And each September
Bring to a myriad minds the days again,
Sweet to remember.

Come thou, Bartholomew; much mirth and noise;
Come renovate our rattles, tops, and toys,
Teaching one gentle truth

To soberer years; in mem'ry of past joys.
Oh! pardon the frivolities of youth;
Nor wholly curb the young and buoyant will,
But suffer children to be children still.

W. L. R.

* Some years since, during the period of the St Alban's Fair, a fire occurred in that town: Richardson and his 'troop' were very active in their endeavours to stay its ravages; but damage to a great extent occurred, and a general subscription took place: a rough ill-clad person waited on the Committee and gave one hundred pounds! In what name shall we put down this munificent sum? asked the Secretary. "Richardson, the penny shewman," was the proud reply.

A GOOD HINT FOR DANCERS

[From the new French periodical, published in Paris and London, and entitled the "Caméleon."]

THE existence of the country-dance is threatened. The galopade has been tried; but the galopade deranges the ladies' head-dresses, tumbles their clothes, and flusters their faces. As the ladies have no right to make themselves ugly, the galopade must be given up. The mazurka comes next, and it has numerous partisans. We shall see! While these revolutions are hanging over us, there is one thing which alone would keep a man from dancing at all; a difficulty that renews itself at every first dance. If you invite a lady to be your partner, she is engaged. What will you do? Ask another. Very good. But then it is as much as to say to the former, "I care no more for dancing with you than with any other;" and to the second, "I dance with you for want of a better, and because another has refused me!" How is this to be avoided? By not dancing at all; because the lady you first made choice of is no longer at liberty. But in that case it may so happen, that you pass the evening without dancing, however eagerly you may desire otherwise.

In many towns to the south they manage after the following fashion. To each man, as he enters, a basket of artificial flowers is offered, that he may choose out of it. When he would obtain a partner, in lieu of the customary formula, seldom relieved by the slightest variation—"Madam, will you do me the honour to dance with me?" he offers the flower, which the lady fixes in her belt till the dance is completed. By this means, no one exposes himself to the mortification and risk of asking a lady who is already engaged, since whatever fair one is still without a flower, is also without a partner.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XXXVII.—FIVE STORIES OF THIEVERY.

WE take these from one of those celebrated old book-stall books, which were written hundreds of years ago, when men only published because they were in earnest, and which, therefore, are interesting in their very errors and old-wives' fables. It is a folio, on all sorts of curious subjects, printed in an honest old type, and is a translation (through a French medium) from the Latin of Camerarius, a German scholar and essayist, famous in his day, but who has come to nothing with posterity, for a certain insufficiency of discrimination between good and bad,—between what is worthy of implicit acceptance, and what to be received with an accompaniment of doubt and a greater nicety of criticism.

As we do not vouch for the truth of all the stories, but have reason to do so for at least one of them, the first (which we have read often in authentic books), we have not divided them, as usual, under heads of their own, but have lumped all together. The concluding one will remind Chaucer's readers of his exquisite story of the Three Thieves. [By the way, when is Mr Clarke's Chaucer to appear, which is to enable us all to read the divine old poet in new spelling?]

There is a certain French book (quoth our author) set forth in our time (entitled *An Introduction to the treatise of the conformitie of ancient wonders, with moderne, &c.*) in which many notable pifflings are related, and some of them (to my seeming) almost incredible, as well for the bold parts as the cunning tricks of the theeves. I will here set down some of them, as they are found there. In the time of King Francis, the first of that name, a certaine theefe, apparelled like a gentleman, as he was diving into a great pouch, which John Cardinall of Lorraine had hanging by his side, was espied of the King, being at masse, and standing right over against the Cardinall. The theefe perceiving himself spied, held vp his finger to the King, making a sign that he should say nothing and he should see good sport. The King, glad of such meriment, and that he should haue cause to laugh, let him alone; and within a while, after comming to the Cardinall, tooke occasion, in talking with him, to make the Cardinall goe to his pouch, who, missing what he had put therein, begins to wonder; but the King, who had seen the play, was as merrie on the other side. But after the King had well laughed, he would gladielie that the Cardinall should haue had againe what was taken from him, as indeed he made account that the meaning of the taker was; but whereas the King thought he was an honest gentleman, and of some account, in that he shewed himself so resolute and held his countenance so well; experience showed that he was a most cunning thiefe, gentlemanlike, that meant not to iest, but making as if he iested, was in good earnest. Then the Cardinall turned all the laughter against the King, who, using his wonted oth, swore, by the faith of a gentleman, That it was the first time that ever a theefe had made him his companion.

The other theeshif trick was plaid in the presence of the Emperor Charles the Fift. He upon a day commanding a remouue, while euerie man was busied in putting up his stuffe, there entred a good fellow into the hall where the Emperour then was, being meanly accompanied and readie to take horse. This theefe hauing made a great reuerence, presently went about the taking downe of the hangings, making great hast, as if he had much businesse to doe; and though it was not his profession to set up and take downe hangings, yet he went about it so nimbly that he whose charge it was to take them downe, comming to doe it, found that somebodie had already eased him of that labour, and (which was worse) of carrying them away.

But the boldnesse of an Italian theefe was as great, who plaid this part at Rome in the time of Pope Paul the Third. A certaine Cardinall hauing made a great fest in his house, and the silver vessels being lockt vp in a trunk that stood in a chamber next to the hall where the fest had bene, whilst many were sitting and walking in this chamber wayting for their masters, there came a man in with a torch carried before him, bearing the countenance of the steward, and having a jacket on, who praid those that sate on the trunke to rise vp from it, because he was to use the same; which they hauing done, he made it be taken vp by certain porters that followed him in, and went cleane away with it. And this was done while the steward and all the seruants of the house were at supper.

In the same chapter there be other strange and notable tales of diuers theeueries; but it sufficeth to haue pickt out these three which I take for the most memorable among them. I will here add a fourth, which seemeth incredible, and excellet all the rest

for valour and boldnesse. Sabellicus setteth it downe with all the circumstances, and it is thus: A certaine Candiot called Stamat, being at Venice when the treasure was shewed in kindnesse to the Duke of Ferrara, entred into the chappell so boldly that he was taken for one of the Duke's domestical seruants, and wondering at so much wealth, instead of contenting himself with the sight, he resolved from thence forward to commit some notable peeces of theeuerie. Saint Mark's church, guilded with pure gold very neere all ouer, is built at the bottom round about within and without with peeces or tables of marble. This Grecian theefe, marueilous cunning and nimble, devised to take out finely by night one of the tables or stones of marble against that place of the church where the altar stands, called The children's Altar, thereby to make himself an entrance to the treasure; and hauing laboured a night, because the wall could not in that time bee wrought through, he laid the stone handsomely into his place againe, and fitted it so well, as no man could perceiue any shew of opening it at all; as for the stones and rubbish that he tooke out of the wall, he carried it all away so nimbly and so cleanly, and all before day, that he was neuer discovered. Hauing wrought this many nights, hee got at length to the treasure, and began to carie away much riches of diuers kinds. I did once see this treasure, and wondered at it, being admitted amongst the traine of the ambassador of Fredericke the Emperor. For besides an infinite number of precious stones set in worke, I saw there twelue crownes, and as many brest-plates of golde, set with an innumerable sort of jems, whose brightness would haue dazzled the eyes both of the bodie and of the minde; moreover, pots of aggat and other stones of price, the cares exceedingly high esteemed because of their value: also shrines, candlesticks, and manie other implements for altars, which were not only of pure gold, but also garnished with so many stones of worth, that the gold was nothing in comparison thereof. I speak not of the Vnicorne's horne which is infinitely estimated, nor the duke's crowne, nor the other peeces of exquisit worke, which this Greek had caried away all by leasure. But (as it is commonly said) adulterie and theft were neuer long time hid; and because this fault could not be so soon discovered, it so fell out that the authore thereof laid it open, and the theefe bewraied himself. He had a compeer in the cite, a gentleman of the same Isle of Candie, called Zacharias Grio, an honest man, and of a good conscience. Stamat one day taking him aside neere to the altar, and drawing a promise from him that hee should keepe secret that which he should tell him, discovered from the beginning to the end all that he had done: and then carries him to his house, where he shews him the inestimable riches he had stolen. The gentleman being veruious and conscionable, stood amazed at the sight, and quaking at the horror of the offence, began to reele, and could no longer stand. Whereupon Stamat (as they say) like a desperat villaine, was about to haue killed him in the place, and as his will of doing it increased, Grio mistrusting him, stayed the blow by saying that the extreme joy which he conceiued in seeing so many precious things, of which he neuer thought to haue had any part, had made him (as it were) beside himself. Stamat, content with that excuse, let him alone. Of the other side, Grio receiued in gift of him a precious stone, and of exceeding great value, and is the same that is now worne in the forepart of the dukes crowne. So, making as if he had some weightie matter to despatch, forth he goes of the house, and hies him to the palace, where hauing obtained access to the duke, he reuealeth all the matter, saying withall that there needed expedition, otherwise Stamat might rouse himself, looke about him, disguise himself, shift lodging or saue himself otherwayes with the best of his booties. To giue the more credit to his words, he drew forth of his bosome the precious stone that had been giuen him; which seene, some were sent away with all speed to the house, who laid hold of Stamat and all that he had stolen, amounting to the value of two millions of gold, nothing thereof being (as yet) remoued. So he was hanged between two pillars: and the Informer (besides a rich recompense which he had at that time receiued) had an yearly pension out of the public treasure for so long time as he liued.

Petrus Iustinianus reciteth the same story after Sabellicus, and withal setteth downe another of our time that fell out in the same cite of Venice. A Neapolitan found meanes with counterfeit keyes, to vnlock the common treasurer's chamber, and the yron chests that were therein, full of the common treasure, and carried away eight thousand crowns. But in a few days hee was taken, and by sentence of the Tenne, after hee had his right hand cut off, was hanged at an high gibbet set vp of purpose in the place called the Realte, neere to which the robbery had been done.

To the aforesaid description of the treasure of Venice set downe by Sabellicus, I thinke not amiss to annex that which Phillip de Commynes, a witness worthe to be credited, reporteth to haue himselfe seene. "There is at Venice," saith he, "Saint

Mark's church, one of the fairest and best furnished that a man shall see; in it lies the treasure so much spoken of all the world over; the same consisteth of certain verie rich Ornaments of that church, of Pearles in number foureteen, not polished; twelve golden crownes with which, in times past, they used to decke and set forth twelve women. But on a day as they were solemnizing that pompe, it happened that certain Theeues took and carried away those women with their crownes, who, being afterwards rescued and recovered, their husbands gave and dedicated these crowns to Saint Mark, and built a chapel, into which the lords of the counsell enter once euerie yeare, namely, the day of the recoverie of the women." In a little Italian booke, setting out the memorable things of Venice, we read that among the riches of this Treasure there is also the Duke's Cap, made not long ago, which is estimated at above two hundred thousand crowns. This treasure hath been made up into such a heape, partly by the spoile of Constantinople, at such time as the French and the Venetians ouercame it, and of other cities conquered, and partly by presents giuen to that commonwealth by diuers princes. There be some that tell an old fable, that this treasure was brought to Venice by foure riche merchants, two of which thinking it vnfit the treasure should haue so many owners, resolved to poison the other two, which two (not knowing the determination of their companions) purposed the same likewise of their part, so that they were poisoned all foure, and died without heires; whereupon, the Seigniorie of Venice seized on all the wealth which they had left; and this (they say) is signified by the four Images of porphirie that stand by the great gate of the common palace embracing one another. This the Author of that little booke saith. This treasure they vse to set out at shew euerie yeare at certaine solemne feasts, upon the great Altar in St Mark's church; and I doe not think that in all those countries which we call Christendom, there is any so rich, although that of St Denys, in France, be very faire, marueilous rare, and of greate value.

SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

SWIFT.—(SECOND SPECIMEN.)

His Admirable Essay on Conversation.

I HAVE observed few obvious subjects to have been so seldom, or at least so slightly handled, as this; and, indeed, I know few so difficult to be treated as it ought, nor yet upon which there seemeth so much to be said.

Most things pursued by men for the happiness of public or private life, our wit or folly have so refined that they seldom exist but in idea; a true friend, a good marriage, a perfect form of government, with some others, require so many ingredients so good in their several kinds, and so much niceness in mixing them, that for some thousands of years men have despaired of reducing their schemes to perfection. But, in conversation it is, or might be, otherwise; for here we are only to avoid a multitude of errors, which, although a matter of some difficulty, may be in any man's power, for want of which it remaineth as mere an idea as the other. Therefore, it seemeth to me that the truest way to understand conversation is, to know the faults and errors to which it is subject, and from thence every man to form maxims to himself whereby it may be regulated; because it requireth few talents to which most men are not born, or at least may not acquire without any great genius or study. For nature hath left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are an hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who by a very few faults, that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

I was prompted to write my thoughts on this subject by mere indignation, to reflect that so useful and innocent a pleasure, so fitted for every period and condition of life, and so much in all men's power, should be so much neglected and abused.

And in this discourse, it will be necessary to note those errors that are obvious, as well as others which are seldom observed; since there are few so obvious or acknowledged, into which most men, some time or other, are not apt to run.

For instance: nothing is more generally exploded than the folly of talking too much; yet I rarely remember to have seen five people together where some one among them hath not been predominant in that kind, to the great constraint and disgust of all the rest. But, among such as deal in multitudes of words, none are comparable to the sober deliberate talker, who proceedeth with much thought and caution, maketh his preface, brancheth out into several digressions, findeth a hint that putteth him in mind of another story, which he promiseth to tell you when this is done; cometh back regularly to his subject; cannot call to mind some person's name, holdeth his head, complaineth of his memory; the company all this while in suspense; at length says,

it is no matter, and goes on. And, to crown the business, it perhaps proves to be a story the company hath heard fifty times before; or, at best, some insipid adventure of the relater.

Another general fault in conversation is, that of those who affect to talk of themselves. Some, without any ceremony, give you the history of their lives; will relate the annals of their diseases, with the several symptoms and circumstances of them: will enumerate the hardships and injustice they have suffered in court, in parliament, in love, or in law. Others are more dexterous, and with great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise. They will call a witness to remember they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a man from the beginning, and told him the consequences just as they happened; but he would have his own way. Others make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strangest men in the world, they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly; they have lost abundance of advantages by it; but if you would give them the world, they cannot help it; there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity and constraint; with many other insufferable topics of the same altitude.

Of such mighty importance every man is to himself, and ready to think he is to others, without once making this easy and obvious reflexion, that his affairs can have no more weight with other men, than theirs have with him; and how little that is, he is sensible enough.

Where company hath met, I often have observed two persons discover, by some accident, that they were bred together at the same school or university; after which the rest are condemned to silence, and to listen while these two are refreshing each other's memory with the arch tricks and passages of themselves and comrades.

I know a great officer of the army, who will sit for some time with a supercilious and impatient silence, full of anger and contempt for those who are talking, at length of a sudden demand audience, decide the matter in a short dogmatical way; then withdraw within himself again, and vouchsafe to talk no more, until his spirits circulate again to the same point.

There are some faults in conversation which none are so subject to as the men of wit, nor ever so much as when they are with each other. If they have opened their mouths without endeavouring to say a witty thing, they think it so many words lost. It is a torment to the hearers as much as to themselves, to see them upon the rack for invention, and in perpetual constraint with so little success. They must do something extraordinary, in order to acquit themselves, and answer their character, else the standers by may be disappointed, and be apt to think them only like the rest of mortals. I have known two men of wit industriously brought together, in order to entertain the company, where they have made a very ridiculous figure, and provided all the mirth at their own expense.

I know a man of wit* who is never easy but where he can be allowed to dictate and preside; he neither expecteth to be informed or entertained, but to display his own talents. His business is to be good company, and not good conversation; and therefore he chuseth to frequent those who are content to listen, and profess themselves his admirers. And, indeed, the worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life, was that at Will's Coffee House, where the wits (as they were called) used formerly to assemble; that is to say, five or six men, who had writ plays, or at least prologues, or had share in a miscellany, came hither, and entertained one another with their trifling composes, in so important an air, as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms depended on them; and they were usually attended with an humble audience of the young students from the inns of court, or of the universities, who, at due distance, listened to these oracles, and returned home with great contempt for their law and philosophy, their heads filled with trash, under the name of politeness, criticism, and belles-lettres.

By these means, the poets, for many years past, were all over-run with pedantry. For, as I take it, the word is not properly used; because pedantry is the too frequent or unseasonable obtruding our own knowledge in common discourse, and placing too great a value upon it; by which definition men of the court or the army may be as guilty of pedantry as a philosopher or a divine; and it is the same vice in women, when they are over-copious upon the subject of their petticoats, or their fans, or their china. For which reason, although it be a piece of prudence, as well as good manners, to put men upon talking on subjects they are best versed in, yet that is a liberty a wise man could hardly take; because, besides the imputation of pedantry, it is what he would never improve by.

This great town is usually provided with some player, mimic, or buffoon, who hath a general reception at the great tables; familiar and domestic with

persons of the first quality, and usually sent for at every meeting to divert the company; against which I have no objection. You go there as to a farce or a puppet-show; your business is only to laugh in season, either out of inclination or civility, while the merry companion is acting his part. It is a business he has undertaken, and we are to suppose he is paid for his day's work. I only quarrel, when, in select and private meetings, where men of wit and learning are invited to pass an evening, this jester should be admitted to run over his circle of tricks, and make the whole company unfit for any other conversation, besides the indignity of confounding men's talents at so shameful a rate.

Railery is the finest part of conversation; but as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate whatever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart; just as when an expensive fashion cometh up, those who are not able to reach it content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passeth for railery to run a man down in discourse, to put him out of countenance and make him ridiculous, sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding; on all which occasions he is obliged not to be angry, to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dexterous at this art, singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side, and then carrying all before him. The French, from whom we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the polite age of our fathers. Railery was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflexion, but by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to. And surely one of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid; nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

There are two faults in conversation which appear very different, yet arise from the same root, and are equally blameable; I mean an impatience to interrupt others, and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among, or to receive those benefits ourselves, which whoever will consider, cannot easily run into either of these two errors; because when any man speaketh in company, it is to be supposed that he doth it for his hearer's sake, and not his own; so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention if they are not willing to lend it; nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense.

There are some people whose good manners will not suffer them to interrupt you; but, what is almost as bad, will discover abundance of impatience, and lie upon the watch until you have done, because they have started something in their own thoughts which they long to be delivered of. Meantime they are so far from regarding what passes, that their imaginations are wholly turned upon what they have in reserve, for fear it should slip out of their memory; and thus they confine their invention, which might otherwise range over a hundred things full as good, and that might be much more naturally introduced.

There is a sort of rude familiarity, which some people, by practising among their intimates, have introduced into their general conversation, and would have it pass for innocent freedom or humour, which is a dangerous experiment in our northern climate, where all the little decorum and politeness we have are purely forced by art, and are so ready to lapse into barbarity. This, among the Romans, was the railery of slaves, of which we have so many instances in Plautus. It seemeth to have been well introduced among us by Cromwell, who, by preferring the scum of the people, made it a court-entertainment, of which I have heard many particulars, and considering all things were turned upside down, it was reasonable and judicious: although it was a piece of policy found out to ridicule a point of honour in the other extreme, when the smallest word misplaced among gentlemen ended in a duel.

There are some men excellent at telling a story, and provided with a plentiful stock of them, which they can draw out upon occasion in all companies; and, considering how long conversation runs now among us, it is not altogether a contemptible talent. However, it is subject to two unavoidable defects; frequent repetition, and being soon exhausted, so that whoever valueth this gift in himself, hath need of a good memory, and ought frequently to shift his company, that he may not discover the weakness of his fund; for those who are thus endowed, have seldom any other revenue, but live upon the main stock.

Great speakers in public are seldom agreeable in private conversation, whether their faculty be natural, or acquired by practice and often-venturing. Natural elocution, although it may seem a paradox,

* Probably Addison.—Ed.

usually springeth from a barrenness of invention and of words, by which men who have only one stock of notions upon every subject, and one set of phrases to express them in, swim upon the superficies, and offer themselves upon every occasion; therefore, men of much learning, and who know the compass of a language, are generally the worst talkers on a sudden, until much practice hath inured and emboldened them, because they are confounded with plenty of matter, variety of notions, and of words which they cannot readily choose, but are perplexed and entangled by too great a choice, which is no disadvantage in private conversation; where, on the other side, the talent of haranguing is of all others the most insupportable.

Nothing hath spoiled men more for conversation than the character of being wits; to support which, they never fail of encouraging a number of followers and admirers, who lift themselves in their service, wherein they find their accounts on both sides by pleasing their mutual vanity. This hath given the former such an air of superiority, and made the latter so pragmatical, that neither of them are well to be endured. I say nothing here of the state of dispute and contradiction, telling of lies, or of those who are troubled with the disease called the wandering of the thoughts, that they are never present in mind at what passeth in discourse; for whoever labours under any of these possessions, is as unfit for conversation as a madman in Bedlam.

I think I have gone over most of the errors in conversation that have fallen under my notice to memory, except some that are merely personal, and others too gross to need exploding, such as lewd or profane talk; but I pretend only to treat the errors of conversation in general, and not the formal subjects of discourse, which would be infinite. Thus we see how human nature is most debased by the abuse of that faculty, which is held the great distinction between men and brutes; and how little advantage we make of that which might be the greatest, most lasting, and the most innocent as well as useful pleasure of life. In default of which we are forced to take up with those poor amusements of dress and visiting; or the more pernicious ones of play, drink, and vicious amours, whereby the nobility and gentry of both sexes are entirely corrupted both in body and mind, and have lost all notions of love, honour, friendship, generosity, which, under the name of sopperies, have been for some time laughed out of doors.

This degeneracy of conversation, with the pernicious consequences thereof upon our humours and dispositions, hath been owing, among other causes, to the custom arisen, for some time past, of excluding women from any share in our society, farther than in parties at play or dancing, or in the pursuit of an amour. I take the highest period of politeness in England, (and it is of the same date in France) to have been the peaceable part of King Charles the First's reign; and from what we read of those times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversation were altogether different from ours; several ladies whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding, and of both sexes, met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects were occasionally started; and although we are apt to ridicule the sublime platonic notions they had, or personated, in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little grain of romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into everything that is sordid, vicious, and low. If there were no other use in the conversation of ladies, it is sufficient that it would lay a restraint upon those odious topics of immodesty and indecencies, into which the rudeness of our northern genius is so apt to fall. And therefore, it is observable in those sprightly gentlemen about town, who are so very dexterous at entertaining a vizored mask in the park or the playhouse, that, in the company of ladies of virtue and honour, they are silent and disconcerted, and out of their element.

There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company with the relating of facts of no consequence, nor at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture, peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable. It is not a fault in company to talk much; but to continue it long is certainly one; for, if the majority of those who are got together be naturally silent or cautious, the conversation will flag, unless it be often renewed by one among them, who can start new subjects, provided he doth not dwell upon them, but leaveth room for answers and replier.

THE FALL OF THE RHINE AT SCHAFFHAUSEN.

[From the Travels of Count Frederick Stolberg, translated by Holcroft. The reader having lately seen accounts of the Rhine from the pen of an English lady, may like to have a taste of it from a native German. Stolberg was an enthusiast of the Klopstock school, and became a Catholic. He and his brother Christian were both distinguished among the German literati. Of this family was the consort of Prince Charles Edward, the last Pretender, the lady who, after his death, is understood, we believe, to have been privately married to the celebrated dramatic poet, Alfieri.]

The Rhine near Schaffhausen is very beautiful, and flows over beds of rocks. In former times there certainly were warehouses here, for merchandize, brought down the stream from Bunden, Lindau, Constance, and other parts. The goods were unloaded here because of its vicinity to the fall of the Rhine. From these the town took its name. In the Switzerland, Swabian, and Austrian districts, the word *Schaffen* signifies to buy and sell.

In the afternoon we visited the fall of the Rhine. Oh, that I could give you an idea of this spectacle! But description, imagery, recollection itself, all sink under the task. I saw it three times, and my astonishment at the last time was as great as at the first. It amazed me now, when a man, as much as it had done when I was a youth.

I appear to have said something, and yet I have said nothing, when I relate, that the broad stream, among bold cliffs, overgrown with trees, collects its waters in a prodigious mass; which, though disturbed here and there, rises in circles of translucent green; and with thundering din, and raging impetuosity, dividing itself into three unequal cataracts, dashes headlong against the rock below; that daringly resists the ungovernable fury of the torrent. Daring, and dignified; yet not unchastized; as the deep cavities in its bed, and its perforated sides, too plainly show.

On the lowest of these high shores, to the right of the waterfall, in the territory of Schaffhausen, stands a thread-mill. Opposite to this, in the district of the Canton of Zurich, and on a very high rock, the castle of Laufen is built.

A stranger is first taken beside the thread mill; where he is suddenly surprised; and his astonishment pleasingly yet terribly excited. He is then led by a small winding path round the foot of the hill, to a circular basin of the stream; and, being there placed opposite to the waterfall, he learns, that the cataract, at which he has been amazed, is formed only by the shores and a rock that projects out of the stream, which constitutes about a fifth part of the waterfall.

Here he perceives the whole stream compressed between its rocky shores and three insulated cliffs. He is then taken into a small boat, passes the cataract on the dancing waves, and is landed on the side of Zurich. Here, below the castle of Lanfer, is a scaffolding built over the waterfall. You are obliged to wait some short time, till a small door is opened; the key of which is kept in the castle; standing immediately over the stream, and listening to its thunder. You then look down upon the terrific gulph. The imagination, overpowered, is dreadfully persuaded that it shall be hurried into the deep. No possible idea can be formed of the force of the water; or of the resistless violence with which it rushes. The poet Leng standing here, struck his thigh, and exclaimed, *Hier ist eine Wasserhölle!* (Here's a water-hell!)

After a fall thus rapid, the water is projected back to a great height, forming a cloud, white and dense as the smoke of a forge, which conceals all beyond it. Every bush on the rocky shores is dripping; when the sun shines, the colours of the rainbow play in the froth and the rising vapours.

No spectacle of nature ever so fixed and seized upon my mind as this. My Sophia trembled and turned pale. My young son gazed in silent admiration at the stream; for the clouds of spray, concealing all around, it was the only visible object. We stood motionless, in a fearful, yet holy trance. I seemed as if I infinitely felt the *præsens nomen*; the divinity, present and active. While recollecting the manifest omnipotence of God, I was overpowered with the sensation of his all-merciful love. It appeared as if the glory of the Lord passed before me; and I scarcely could forbear falling on my face and exclaiming—"Oh, Lord God, how gracious and benevolent art thou!"

We had proceeded a considerable way on our return, before we broke silence. It was not till our strong feelings began to cool that we had a transient recollection of the philosopher, who, while beholding the fall of the Rhine, asked, with cold apathy, "Of

what utility is this?" A philosopher will answer when a sage will be silent,—"Man, my good sir lives not on bread alone. He has more dignified wants. While with trembling rapture he glances at nature in all her greatness, he can connect the utility of a thread-mill with the sublimity of a cataract."

Pride and Stinginess.—No association is more common than pride and stinginess. We take from nature from real pleasures, nay from the stock of necessities, what we lavish upon opinion. One man adorns his palace at the expense of his kitchen; another prefers a fine service of plate to a good dinner; a third makes a sumptuous entertainment, and starves himself the rest of the year. When I see a side-board richly decorated, I expect the wine to be very indifferent. How often in the country, when we breathe the fresh morning air, are we tempted by the prospect of a fine garden! We rise early, and by walking gain a keen appetite, which makes us wish for breakfast. Perhaps the domestic is out of the way, or provisions are wanting, or the lady has not given her orders, and you are tired to death with waiting. Sometimes people prevent your desires, and make you a very pompous offer of everything, upon condition that you accept of nothing. You must fast till three o'clock, or breakfast with the tulips. I remember to have walked in a very beautiful park, which belonged to a lady, who, though extremely fond of coffee, never drank any but when it was at a very low price; yet she very liberally allowed her gardener a salary of a thousand crowns. For my part, I should chuse to have tulips less finely variegated, and to drink coffee whenever my appetite called for it.—*Rousseau.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cordial thanks to the *Greenock Intelligencer*. We are glad also to see that we are not unwelcome to the abundant and most miscellaneous pages of the *Liverpool Albion*.

The *Musings on a Stone* are highly creditable to the writer's youth; but somewhat too young at present for our columns. G. F.'s compositions do him equal credit on another score, not rendering them, however, available for our purposes.

Could *Christie's Will* be shortened?

The Proprietor of the Hall of Universal Information gives us capital reason for attending to his instruction, in saying that he likes us, and has our Journal regularly lying on his table; but we fear he would bring the formidable foot of the Stamp Office upon us.

We were unable to attend to J. N. at the moment, but will diligently consider his letter. Also the communications of J. D. and D. G. W. R. next week.

The letter of Mr W. L. R. was as welcome to us, as he will see his verses were. We shall not fail to notice the subject he mentions.

We shall duly consider the commendations of W. G.—y, who has our best thanks.

We should like to have found room for the facetious legalities of our friend John Capias (whether he intended them for publication or not) but fear that some of our readers would take them for another and a too-long advertisement of our Supplements. He is informed that three of the Supplements have now been published, and are to be had at all the usual places.

If the correspondent who sent us an extract from our columns, accompanied with the mention of a late eminent poet, is an honest man, we are sorry both for the mistake under which he labours, and for the deduction which he implies from it. It has been contradicted repeatedly, especially by the Editor; and as to what bitterness might still remain from his treatment by the critics, our correspondent overlooks the whole tone of this Journal, and the objects which it manifestly has in view. Besides, we have thoroughly discussed the spirit of that matter elsewhere, and distinctly settled it on a footing, which would have been approved by the excellent and generous poet himself.

An extract from the "Parterre" next week.

We were not aware of the welcome loan of the "Mirror of the Month" till just before the receipt of the second letter.

The verses sent us by J. S. do not do so much justice to his talent as his prose.

Squalliana Freckle should turn her fancy to pleasanter account.

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